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Upper Class Section

Freshman Section

The Runt

Sharon Sperry

THE SKY was very dark with pink patches of clouds the day Peterson bought a cup of coffee at the corner store by the bus stop. He flung an umbrella and a brown derby on the stool at the end of the counter and hopped up onto the next stool. The morning newspaper sprawled on the counter top and he scanned the pages of print to find the want ads. A South American revolution splashed the front page. Beneath it was a boxed-in traffic accident. He thumbed quickly to the entertainment pages and noted with satisfaction that the opera was being held over another weekend.

A greasy-faced waitress took his order and the order of the woman next to him. Peterson glanced sideways and saw a mountain of bubbling flesh. A tiny warted face lolled above a pillow of chins. She, in turn, looked down on Peterson.

"Something wrong with you?"

"I beg your pardon."

"I ain't too sure I like that."

"Madam?"

"I said I ain't too sure I like that."

"What?"

"I ain't never had to be pardoned for nothing."

"Oh, no . . . that's a figure of speech. It . . ."

"Don't say nothing about my figure neither. It ain't all so bad ya gotta talk that way."

"But it had nothing to do with . . ."

"Godamighty, if you'd carried six kids you wouldn't look so hot neither. I wasn't always like this ya know. I had a right good set of legs, I did."

"I'm sure. Now if you'll excuse me. I'll . . ."

"Oh, go on. Just no gentlemen left in this world. I can't even talk to no one no more. Just go on, you little runt."

Peterson drew himself up to full height, jumped from the stool and glared at her over the expanse of her left hip.

"Madam, you should watch your tongue. That was most ungracious."

"Lordy, but you do talk good. Ungrashoes? Was that what ya said? Hermie! Come here. Look here at this little fellow. Why he know more words than you 'n me put together."

Heads craned around papers and eyes peeked from behind wall booths. Peterson lifted his umbrella off the stool, placed his brown derby over his balding crown, and turned on his heel. Hermie was lumbering up the aisle and Peterson met him in front of the cigarette vending machine.

"Where ya goin', huh?"

"Let me pass."

"Gracie, what'd he do? Should I mash him?"

Peterson slipped beneath Hermie's outstretched arm and got two steps toward the cash register before a burly grasp of his shoulder jerked him back.

"You ain't goin' nowhere. Now what's this, anyway?"

Peterson laid the umbrella on an empty booth seat, placed his own hand on top of Hermie's and spun around. Hermie, his feet churning, sailed backside first into the booth. Peterson picked up his umbrella, flipped a coin toward the open-mouthed proprietor and strode out.

The bus rolled to a hissing stop and a mob of elbows swarmed toward the open door. Peterson, in the midst of the Eastside commuter trade, felt himself swept up off the ground and onto the bus platform. He eyed a huge grinning face over his shoulder.

"Thought you'd get mashed down here."

"Thank you. I could have managed quite well."

"Aw, it's just that you little fellows need help sometimes. I had a brother about your size. He was never too good at anything."

The crowd shoved, and Peterson sought the edge of a corner seat. He opened the paper he'd carried beneath his arm and searched the want ads a third time.

Moment of Glory

Russell L. Durbin

DEMAS could hear the rats scurrying about in a corner of the cell, and he thought, wryly, that Antonia was not particularly noted for its accommodations or pleasant company. He sat on a straw mat, his head against the cool stone wall, and listened to the regular breathing of Gestas. Amazing how a man could sleep so soundly only a few hours before he was to be executed. Was it that he was completely fearless, or simply a fool? Demas didn't know which; he only knew that he, Demas, the Greek, was very much afraid of what the morning light would bring. He had seen these Roman executions before and knew how slow and painful they could be. Would he whimper and cry and curse and beg and plead like he had seen others do? Or would he endure in silence?

"No," he thought. "No man can endure that kind of torture, that kind of pain, in silence."

Thoughts, emotions and memories whirled and eddied in the stream of his consciousness as he sought to grasp something solid and hold onto it Strangely, there was nothing that did not slip and fade away—nothing except the hard reality of the prison walls around him, and the iron bars across the narrow window. The walls pressed in on him in the darkness until he felt as if he were suffocating. It seemed that a great band was pressing in on his chest, relentlessly squeezing the breath of life from him. Then, in a cool rational moment, he realized he was holding his breath. Demas

exhaled, and suddenly, he felt light-headed and dizzy. He breathed deeply, and, for a moment, he didn't notice the prison stench as air filled his lungs again and again, reassuringly. For a brief moment that had seemed like an eternity, he had thought he had forgotten how to breathe.

He had heard that when a person is on the brink of death, he remembers his childhood vividly, that his whole life passes before his eyes in the flicker of a moment. But try as he would, Demas could not conjure up the image of his parents and their villa by the little blue lake in Greece. Perhaps that would come later. Instead, violent thoughts of more recent and more violent days crowded roughly into his mind.

Those first few days in Jerusalem had been riotous, bawdy days for him. Tantalizingly, he remembered soft lips and warm bodies, but strangely, the faces and names escaped him. And only such a short time ago. The sensual caresses remained like vague ghosts flitting across the cell.

Gestas had begun to snore as the gray pre-dawn light filtered through the window.

Demas licked his lips and remembered the taste of fermented wine in the Jerusalem shops and inns.

* * *

"So, my little Greek stripling," Gestas laughed drunkenly. "You think you can hold your own with a Jew. Ha! Did you hear that, my friends." He turned to the other grinning, bearded faces around him. "Our little friend thinks he can out-drink, out-love and out-fight me. Go 'way, boy. Play elsewhere. If you were but a man, perhaps I might . . . but you are not. Run along and behave yourself or I, Gestas, will have to spank." The Jew grabbed a large cup of wine and turned to his friends.

Suddenly, he was whirled around, caught on a slender, but hard-musceled hip, and thrown across the room to land heavily on his side. Gestas was too stunned, too surprised, to do more than flounder around on the floor and sputter. It was the good-looking, smooth-faced Greek's turn to laugh.

"So—I'm a boy, am I? Then perhaps you Jews should fight one another since you cannot whip even Greek 'boys'." He laughed loudly, the devil dancing naked in his flashing black eyes. "Now, bring on your women and your wine and we'll see who is the best man."

Gestas gathered his robe about him and staggered to his feet, unsteady with too much wine and shaken from the fall. Already he had decided he had had enough of this young upstart.

Seeing there was little fight left in the Jew, the young Greek started to turn away when a heavy hand fell on his shoulder. He looked up into fierce blue eyes, burning beneath strong black eyebrows. The man's whole appearance, from his long black hair to his matted black beard and hairy arms, gave the impression of power

and strength. The stranger's deep-set eyes gave the young Greek an indication of the man's intelligence and leadership. Yet, somehow, despite the regular and strong features of the man, the face seemed twisted and unnecessarily cruel.

"You, boy," the man said roughly. "What's your name?"

For a moment the Greek was tempted to spit in the man's face. But he felt the great strength in the hand as the fingers tightened on his shoulder and decided any such action would be unwise.

"I am Demas," he said, somewhat defiantly.

The dark man with the piercing eyes surveyed him thoughtfully for a moment while the others in the inn went about their business, the incident with Gestas apparently forgotten.

"You like to fight?" the man asked Demas.

"What do you think?" the young Greek turned the question back on the man.

"You'll do. If you want to really fight—not just play at it in inns and shops with drunken men—but fight for a cause," the man's eyes began to burn more brightly, "then meet me at Nain, north of here in the Valley of Esdraelon. Gestas will show you the way. He is one of us." With that, the man was gone.

"Who was that?" Demas asked.

"Him? Why, some say he is the Messiah," Gestas replied. "Whether he is or not, who can say? But this I know—he is the man who will liberate our country from the cursed rule of the Romans. He is Barabbas!"

* * *

"Barabbas." Demas repeated the name softly in the larkness of his cell, but without either joy or bitterness. Barabbas. A lonely name at this moment.

"No comfort to one waiting to die," Demas thought. "He is probably no comfort to himself either."

Barabbas was somewhere within the walls of Antonia too, hidden away in a dark cell just like Demas and Gestas. Demas wondered what Barabbas was doing now. Was he sleeping like Gestas, or was he, too, sitting and thinking and dreaming? And what of the Freedom party and the liberation movement? Would it die for lack of leadership now that Barabbas had been taken? And what about this Messiah business?

Demas had had little time for religion and his own Greek gods, let alone a Jewish God. Still the Messianic legend fascinated him. Often he had wondered if Barabbas was truly the predicted Messiah. Many throughout the country had thought so. Barabbas himself had never denied it. Demas shook his head. No, it simply wasn't possible that Barabbas was the Messiah. If there ever was to be one, he would not be captured like some common thief, be tried and be sentenced to death as Barabbas had been. The Messiah, if Demas had heard rightly, would be a kind of super-being, half-human, half-divine, because he would be the Son of God. No, Demas knew the Messiah

could never suffer such an ignoble disgrace.

Gestas rolled over on his mat, his snores interrupted momentarily by the movement.

And rippling through Demas' thoughts as the world outside removed its somber shawl of darkness and prepared for the coming of another day, were the deep blue waves of Tiberius. Demas loved the sea north of Jerusalem because it had reminded him so much of the home he now found difficult to remember. There was something so peaceful about the water. Even the thought of it wrinkling with the soft summer breeze calmed his turbulent emotions as he sat on his straw mat and listened to the snores and the rats.

Demas particularly remembered one bright day by the sea. He had been hoping to take a boat ride with some fishermen that day, but he could find no one willing to go out. He couldn't understand it, since the day was perfect for fishing. But it seemed people were all going to hear some itinerant preacher—some fellow named Jesus, a carpenter from Nazareth who had apparently appointed himself to preach and teach. Out of curiosity, Demas followed some of the fishermen who had left their nets to hear this so-called "miracle worker." Demas thought he would have a good laugh and a good story to tell his fellow Freedom fighters. But Demas didn't laugh that day, nor did he tell his friends about his little excursion.

What he saw when he arrived at the appointed place where the crowd had gathered was a tall, rugged-looking young man with an infinitely sad expression on his face. He was surrounded by a group of helpers who kept the milling and shoving crowd from getting to him. Demas was tempted to leave, but he didn't. Instead, he pushed his way through the throng to where he could hear the man. This carpenter talked persuasively of a world of love, a world where love would conquer hate, and a world where a man should and would love his fellow man as he would himself and his god. The voice caressed and soothed, Demas thought. It reaches out to you in love, massages the innermost depths of your soul with love, bathes you with love, and leaves you as washed and as clean as a little child freshly scrubbed. Demas sighed and wished it could come true, this kingdom of love the man talked about. But, of course, that was foolish, wishful thinking and dreaming. Even this man with his ever-so-gentle voice could not have love enough for the whole world.

Demas noticed the waning rays of the sun and suddenly felt hungry. He had brought no food with him, and obviously, there would not be enough food to feed the huge crowd. As he got up, he saw a small boy carrying a basket of bread and fish walk up to one of the man's helpers and offer his meager rations to help feed the rest. Why, that would not even feed the preacher and his disciples, let alone the five thousand that had gathered. Demas was amused at the little boy, yet touched at the little fellow's gesture.

"With his power of persuasion, this Jesus would have been

excellent in the forum and public debates at home," Demas thought as he hurried down the hill to meet his friends.

But the thought of that warm day and the "preacher of love" had lingered with him. It seemed to him that even now, even in his most desperate moment, the voice of the carpenter caressed him, warming him in his cold cell.

Demas hadn't noticed the slow but steady advance of a stray sunbeam across the floor of his cell, and he was startled when the door swung open and a Roman legionaire ordered him outside.

"Come on, come on, louts," the soldier shouted roughly, kicking Gestas in the side with his heavy-toed cothurn. "This is your day to shine. Now you'll find out how Rome deals with traitors."

Gestas unleased a string of epithets at the soldiers and Roman might in general, which only earned him a backhanded blow across the mouth. Demas said nothing but moved quietly into the narrow hall. The clanking of the soldiers' bucklers against their short swords, and the measured tramp, tramp, tramp of their feet made a sort of rhythm which echoed hollowly through the rock corridors, past cell after cell, row after row of condemned men.

Both men blinked and tried to hide their eyes when they stepped into the bright sunlight which filled the fortress courtyard. The place was a bedlam of noise. Frenzied people were shouting and shoving. The waves of sound beat upon Demas until he thought he could stand it no longer What was going on? It was some kind of trial, for he saw the Roman procurator—Pilate was his name—standing on an elevated stone platform at the far end of the yard. Demas could see the Roman soldiers, their swords drawn, ringing the courtyard, trying desperately to hold back the milling mob. The prisoner was standing alone in the center. Was it Barabbas? The question leaped into Demas' mind immediately, but it went unanswered because he was too far away to recognize the man.

A servant was bringing what looked to Demas like a wash basin to Pilate. Demas was surprised to see the procurator dip his hands into the bowl and dry them on a cloth the servant handed to him. Then he remembered the reason for the bowl. It was the Roman way of absolving themselves of pronouncing a penalty. Pilate symbolically was washing away the stain of the man's blood. The man's fate was now up to the people, and Demas knew from the great shout that went up, the man's fate was already sealed.

A palace guard shouldered his way through the crowd and saluted the commander of the execution detail.

"Sir, the people have demanded the release of the prisoner, Barabbas, and the death of that one." He pointed to the lonely figure standing in the center of the courtyard. The commander ordered a soldier to free Barabbas.

Barabbas! Demas could scarely believe his ears. Barabbas freed! It was truly a miracle. Maybe, just maybe, Barabbas is the Messiah. Demas couldn't keep the thought out of his mind. Maybe he would

conquer the Romans after all. Maybe the Freedom party's efforts hadn't been in vain.

Then Demas remembered his own situation. He, too, was going to die with "that one." He looked at the man again.

"Lonely," he thought. "Every man is lonely when he dies." All roads lead to the same destination—death He was going there, Gestas was going there, and "that one" was going there, Demas reflected. But they were each going alone, each in his own darkness.

His thoughts were interrupted by the return of the soldier bringing Barabbas. Demas turned to greet his former chief, but the greeting died in his throat when he saw the man. Barabbas looked like a wooley black bear, suddenly routed out of hibernation. He stood weaving and blinking in the bright sunlight. Demas looked into those blue eyes and found—nothing, not even the flicker of recognition. The burning spark that had once inflamed peoples' emotions and imaginations had been extinguished by months in prison. Demas stared in disbelief.

"No," he thought. "No, this . . . this hulking animal is not the Messiah."

The Roman commander gave Barabbas a shove which nearly sent him sprawling. "You have your freedom, Barabbas. Now go quickly before we decide to lock you up again." He jerked his head toward the man in the courtyard. "That one is going to die in your place, though I'll never know why. Next time, you may not be so lucky." Barabbas stumbled away and was lost in the howling mob.

Demas felt himself prodded with the point of a spear.

"Come along, we haven't all day," the soldier said. Gestas shuffled along sullenly, and Demas walked a few feet behind. They were surrounded by soldiers to keep the mob away. The two men were led to a corner of the courtyard where the "trees" were kept. In accordance with Roman custom, they were stripped of all but their breechclouts. Their hands were tied in front of them with stout pieces of rope so as to leave about six inches between their wrists. Demas set his feet and braced himself for the weight of the cross which was lifted onto his right shoulder. He could hear Gestas swearing at the soldiers, at the cross, and at the mob. Bent slightly under the thirty pounds of timber which he was to carry, Demas looked up as the third prisoner was brought up.

No! It couldn't be. Demas blinked his eyes to make sure he was seeing correctly. It was the carpenter name Jesus he had heard talk of love that sunny day by the Sea of Tiberius. What was he doing here? What had he done? Demas wondered as he watched the soldiers strip the man and tie his hands Then, as the man turned and braced himself for the heavy cross, Demas saw the marks of the flagellum, the whip with the jagged pieces of lead inserted in the ends of the leather throngs. The man had been scourged terribly. Demas couldn't restrain a slight shudder as he watched the rough wood lowered onto the quivering, shredded flesh of the man's back. Jesus

almost staggered and fell.

* * *

To the pilgrims who were pouring into the Holy City for the Feast of the Passover, the day was a glorious one. The golden dome of the temple glittered through the shimmering waves of heat. But to Demas, the day was living hell. He plodded along slowly, the last of the three, between moving walls of Roman steel, the howling mob almost snapping like curs at his heels. His hands were blistered as was his shoulder, and blood trickled down his bare back from the raw sore rubbed by the rough wood.

"Baptized," he thought as he plodded along. "Baptized in sweat and blood." He wondered briefly about the origin of the word "baptize." It had something to do with Hebrew religion. His chain of thought was broken by an offensive pebble in the street which bruised his foot. He wanted to giggle, like a child, but he knew that would never do.

He wondered if the street would never end The street . . . what was its name? Via . . . Via. . . . Dolorosa. Yes, that was it. Via Dolorosa.

Demas sweated and plodded, sweated and plodded, sweated and plodded, cursing himself all the while for having been so foolish. Why had he left home where he had had wealth and position? Why had he gotten mixed up with Barabbas and his gang of cut-throats? Why? Why? Why? The question seemed to keep time with the measured tread of the soldiers.

His breath came in short gasps now, and he wondered, briefly, how Jesus was doing. The man had almost fallen before they left the courtyard. Twice the procession had stopped, but Demas didn't know why and hadn't really cared. He hadn't even looked up. He remembered the last time was at Gennath Gate. Demas could feel the hot breath of the sun on his back as it climbed to its zenith. The young Greek was almost to the point where he would welcome death and embrace it with outstretched arms. Surely no torture and no death could be worse than this needless plodding.

* * *

Worse? Demas wondered as he listened to the dull thud of the executioner's hammer as he drove heavy spiks through human flesh. Gestas screamed again and again, punctuating each one with a curse.

"I will not yield; I will not scream and curse," Demas thought grimly. He repeated the words over and over as the soldiers cut the rope that bound his wrists, and forced him to lay his arms on the cross piece. He saw the executioner draw back the mallet as a soldier held a metal spike over his wrist. It hurtled downward, and Demas heard someone scream, shattering the silence. Then he realized the voice belonged to him. Another scream was torn from his parched throat as an iron spike ripped through the other wrist. Demas slipped into a semi-consciousness that mercifully dulled the

pain when the soldiers pressed his feet flat against the cross and drove a single spike through both of them.

A red haze blurred Demas' vision as the cross to which he was nailed dropped heavily into place. At first, the pain was unendurable. Every move of his body to ease the pain only made it worse. He licked his dry lips and cried softly for his mother to come and comfort him, just as she had done when he was a small boy. But there was no one now. He was alone in his pain and suffering. No. Not alone. There were others, he remembered. Demas twisted his head to see what had become of the other two.

He saw his "preacher of love" on the cross next to him. Gestas was on the far side, still cursing, although his voice was weaker now. The burning sun was sapping their strength rapidly, and Demas realized it would not be long for any of them before their suffering would be over.

Smoke and stench from the "valley of death" below them where criminals' bodies were burned after executions curled in the faint breeze and wafted over Golgotha where the three men hung. Demas felt as if he were going to be sick.

"Golgotha, the skull," Demas thought. "A good name, for here will our bones rot and our ashes be scattered."

A faint suggestion of a chuckle escaped his lips as he thought, "I wonder what Jesus thinks of his fellow man now? I wonder if he would still preach about love, had he the breath?"

Despite his pain, which was great, the young Greek looked toward Jesus again. He saw the man's lips move as he looked down at his executioners; the tall Pharisees, their robes wrapped tightly around them, as they nodded approvingly; the coldly factual Sadducees as they sought to adhere strictly to the law; the indifferent Roman soldiers as they gambled at the foot of the cross, and the common people, now hardly more than rabble as they screamed and cursed and taunted.

Demas strained to hear what Jesus was saying, but the noise of the crowd was so great, he caught only a few words.

"Father, forgive them . . ."

Perhaps Demas had misunderstood the man. Surely he couldn't have prayed for them! After what they had done to him! Why, they were nothing but street curs, snarling their defiance now that he was helpless. He surely misunderstood the man.

Then Demas remembered the day by the sea when Jesus had talked of love and forgiveness.

"If a man strike you on one cheek, turn the other to him also," he had said. At that time, Demas had almost laughed at Jesus.

"A good way to get another blow," Demas had thought. Now, he wondered if it were really such a crazy idea, after all. It appeared the man was practicing what he preached. Demas pushed his own pain into a corner of his mind and listened to the taunts of the people, marveling at the compassion of Jesus that had moved him

to forgive them for what they were doing to him.

"Hah, he saved others, but he couldn't save himself."

"Hey, miracle worker, come down from your cross. Save yourself, and we'll believe you're the Messiah."

The Messiah? Demas wondered about that. If this Jesus were the Messiah, why would he allow himself to be killed? The man was young, thirty-two or three. What could be accomplished by dying now? He decided that Jesus was simply a good man, innocent of whatever charges had been brought against him.

The people were hurling Jesus' own words back at him now.

"You said you were going to tear down the temple and rebuild it in three days. Your time's running out, Jesus. Better work fast."

"Where's your hammer, Carpenter?" one burly fellow shouted, taking up the joke. "You've already got your nails!" He and the others around him laughed raucously.

Jesus didn't seem to hear them. His head rolled against the hard wood as if seeking a soft spot on which to lay his head to alleviate his pain. His eyes were closed, and, as his head rolled to his right facing Demas, his lips moved again. Demas heard a soft moan, the only one thus far to escape his lips.

"My God, my God, why have you forsaken me?"

Strange he was calling to his god as if he expected to be rescued momentarily.

"Delirium," Demas thought. No one, not even the Jewish god, could rescue them now. Then, he saw Jesus open his eyes and look at him. Demas was startled. Where he had expected to find fear, he found a look of assurance. Their glances locked for a fleeting second—this carpenter and this criminal—and Demas felt somehow comforted. Jesus' glance seemed to say, "Courage!"

Demas closed his eyes and bit his lips until blood flowed, trying to stifle a groan. He heard more shouting. This time, the voice sounded familiar. It was Gestas.

The burly Jew had pulled himself up on the timber to which he was nailed until his head rested on the cross piece. He was shouting at Jesus, his lips pulled back in a grotesque sneer.

"If you are really the Messiah, then save yourself. Save yourself and us. Don't let us die. Save us, oh king of the Jews." His bravado disappeared and his voice turned to a whine with his last words. Fear oozed out of the man like his blood and his life. Demas saw Gestas' body slip and fall heavily on the nails, tearing the tortured flesh a little more, starting the bleeding again. He screamed in pain as he hurled invective after invective at the suffering Nazarene on the center cross. Demas could take no more.

"Stop it, Gestas!" Demas shouted. "Have you no sense at all? Don't you see you're dying too? Have you no fear of God?"

Demas' voice silenced Gestas' curses as the Jew turned to stare at his former friend. Demas wasn't sure what had prompted him to speak up in behalf of this man, Jesus, but he was glad he had done

it. He spoke again.

"We deserve what we're getting, Gestas. We have broken the laws, and we must be punished. This man has done nothing wrong."

He turned to look at Jesus and thought, "No, this man has done nothing but to preach of love." Then, he corrected his thoughts. "No, not merely preach of love. He has loved." A third time Demas, in his mind now growing feverish in his pain, corrected himself. "No, that isn't right either." He searched for the right phrase. "He is love."

It seemed that Jesus was reading his thoughts, for he turned toward Demas, and, with a look of infinite understanding, he once more smiled at him.

Demas licked his cracked lips with a swollen tongue. "Master," he began. Thoughts whirled through his mind. There were so many things he felt he wanted to say; so many things he felt he needed to say to this man. But he only said, "Remember me when you come into your kingly power." Demas' eyes told Jesus more than words could have said at this point.

Jesus, his body racked with pain, spoke softly, his voice again caressing and soothing. "When the pain and suffering of this day is done, we shall meet again. For I say to you, you will be with me this day in Paradise." A muscle spasm gripped Jesus, and he closed his eyes.

Suddenly, Demas felt calm; his head was clear; his thoughts were sharply in focus.

"Am I on the brink of death?" he wondered. "Funny, but I believe him. There must be some place, some life beyond this one." He wanted to ask Jesus about this, but noticed the Nazarene was talking to a young man standing near the cross, his arm about a weeping woman.

A cool breeze whipped across his face, and for the first time, Demas noticed the dark clouds in the sky. Suddenly, there was a strange darkness. For some reason, Demas was glad. He was sure something terrible, and yet, something of tremendous importance was taking place. Perhaps God was coming to destroy those who had destroyed his son. His son! The words slipped naturally into Demas' thoughts. The ground at the foot of the cross rocked with each jolt, sending new waves of pain through his body.

At the very moment the storm seemed the worst, Jesus raised himself on his bleeding feet, and, with a loud cry, shouted—almost victoriously, thought Demas—"It is finished!" Jesus looked up into the dark clouds and sighed, "Father, into your hands I commit my spirit." The Nazarene's head fell forward on his chest, and his body slid down to hang limply on the nails. He was dead, Demas knew.

Tears trickled down his cheeks, but Demas was unashamed of them.

"Never had there been such a man as this," he thought. "Never

will there be such a one again."

As Demas slid into the coma which precedes death by crucifixion, he murmured, "God, forgive us all." The chill spring rain which sprinkled his body reminded him dimly of dew on a morning rose. Suddenly, he was a child again, running to meet his Father with out-stretched arms.

Spring Comes

Sharon Sperry

SAM awoke just before the sunrise and lay quietly watching the slow change which spread against the sky. The heavy blanket of night folded itself against the west horizon and fell unnoticed behind the tree line revealing the pale pink sheet of dawn. The blush of red in the east turned bright and the sun slippd up over the mountains to lie couched in a light blue sky. A snow cloud had passed in the night and left a thin haze of crusty, white sheeting on the ground that crackled when the brown squirrel bounded from tree to tree. Each crackle brought a burst of chatter from the little bird who perched in the lilac bush. Sam pulled himself up to the window and, squinting against the glare, searched the ground for the small buds which would sprout from the flat brown seeds he had planted in the fall. It was too early for them, but he searched anyway, as he had every morning all winter, hoping they would bud out of season. The trees, too, showed only slick, black branches, one trailing a withered, brown leaf which had clung tenaciously throughout the fierce winds of fall and winter. It was a frail, twisted leaf, thin and brown like matted dust, petrified by winter hail and icy frosts. Yet, it seemed to have suckled from the branch the strength to hold its bond. Sam imagined it would be wonderful to see that leaf there when spring came, waving among the new leaves, whispering to them that life could be very long.

He turned over in his bed and waited to hear the rattling noises from the kitchen which would be his mother preparing breakfast. She brought it to him on a shiny silver tray that reflected his face in its bottom. When he began to eat, she sat down by his bed in a straight-backed chair and said, "Good morning." Neither of them talked in the morning. Sometimes he would tell her breakfast was good, but it was not necessary. She knew how to boil the poached eggs so soft that it felt like warm silk on his tongue.

When he had finished, she read aloud and he listened and dreamed. For the past month he had been unable to read. The words were a fuzzy line on creamy paper. His favorite story, the one she read a dozen times over, was of Arthur who pulled the sword and fought to build a glorious kingdom, then passed mysteriously away in a sailing ship surrounded by fair women. Arthur must have sailed a lake larger than Gossmyer's Lake at the top of his father's farm. Of the two tall pines that guarded the stream entrance to the lake,

one had fallen in a wind storm last summer and lay a few inches above the swirling brown stream water, bridging two points of land. Sam could remember how the lake looked when he lay flat, hugging the log. The peaked water stretched to the horizon, gray shifting mountains that held the sky until Sam could believe there was no more land, only endless gray peaks. But if he stood, he could see the other shore with its broken row of fence posts. As Arthur sailed his lake, he must have felt the same as Sam had lying on that log. He had sailed peacefully off the edge of the world because he knew if he stood he would see the fence posts.

Sam decided that Arthur had brown eyes. In the autumn, not long after he had planted the seeds, his mother and he had gone to an amusement park. It was small and dingy. Most of the rides were worn out. Even the merry-go-round turned in slow, perky circles, its music a dirge of tin notes. He knew that his mother had been disappointed. She had disliked the man with the shapeless chin whose eyes were a shiny, soft brown when he lifted Sam into the ferris wheel. Sam remembered how he had looked like a pile of rags from the top of the wheel, not like a man at all, but as the wheel turned and the ground rose slowly, the man had grown very tall until Sam had seen his eyes again, smiling and warm like rich, hot chocolate. They were beautiful eyes, just the eyes a king needed, and deep, so deep they held everything, not unlike the narrow, dark holes Sam had dug in the ground for the seeds. He would have planted all his seeds in one of those holes. They seemed to go forever into the center of the earth. Sam knew if he put his eye to them he would see the brilliant, distant glow of raging fires.

If the seeds sprouted—and they must soon, for spring was coming—it would be from sun and rain. So Sam watched the sun as much as the ground, begging of one to shine, urging the other to grow until, as the weeks passed, he began to feel a silent stream running between the three of them that grew stronger as the days lengthened. The sun was always above him in the sky, and he only needed to raise his eyes to see it shimmering down on him through the late winter days. April came, the sun moved north, closer to his window, and from the ground there was a bare showing of five pale green shoots. He watched them grow, calling down rain for them, but the bright yellow blooms which he knew would burst from the center stems never came.

He began a restless sleep, dropping off into vivid dreams and waking to a curious succession of suns. Phantoms wandered with him. A black woman with a hollow mouth and gaping round eyes stood in the heavy forest growth, dark and sunless, waiting silently for him to pass. He feared for his plants, suspecting her treachery. When he was awake, he studied the stems feverishly for signs of her theft. He pleaded with the sun, who smiled and hid behind a cloud. As Sam's eyes searched the sky, he saw clearly the work of the mad woman and despaired that he had guarded only his plants, for on the

tree limb, knobby with new growth, the old brown leaf was gone. In the absence of its raspy whisper was the impatient sound of supple twigs humming in the wind. It's gone, they said, it's gone, she's won, she's won, she's won. That evening after Sam had fallen into a dreamless sleep, the sun reached the topmost point of a western mountain, rested for a moment like a full, red bubble, then lost its balance and slipped over the edge. Punctured in the fall, it stained the sky a deep red that dried from purple to black.

Saint Anthony and The Snicker

R. Adams

WHEN Sir Lancelot of Twinkletoes adopted his family, they didn't know what to call him. Certainly, any one of his names would have been suitable, but Gentle Hands, who had a feeling for names, didn't like Lancelot and she thought Twinkletoes was trite. Their indecision was senseless to Sir Lancelot, but people are often senseless to little dogs.

One morning, about three weeks after Lancelot moved into his wicker basket, with the cushion that matched the breakfast room curtains, the Hands were having their coffee and toast. Lancelot sat in his basket and stared at them, waiting for a tid-bit. Warm hands, finally, became aware of the puppy's brown eyes and tossed a small crust to him. Lancelot grabbed it and ran to the dining room rug to eat it. He loved the dining room rug; it was white and had big, big, red roses splattered all over it. When he finished his morsel, he scampered up stairs to see if Gentle Hands had been too tired last night to put her slippers away. He had been attracted to those slippers ever since she had unpacked them, the day before. He sniffed about under the chaise and happily found what he sought.

In the meantime, Gentle Hands sat with a dictionary and the papers which contained Lancelot's family tree; she flipped through one, then the other. Finally, she had an idea. "Let's call him Snicker," she laughed, spilling coffee on her beige dressing gown.

"What!" demanded Warms Hands from behind the Wall Street Journal.

"You know, Lancelot; let's call him Snicker because he's little and impudent," explained Gentle Hands.

"And destructive," growled Warm Hands, retrieving what was left of the white satin slipper. Lancelot had been foolish to carry that slipper down to the breakfast room because he had gotten lonely. It had been quite a feat, and he was proud of himself, but his prowess went unnoticed. He got a scolding.

Time teetered on and he became accustomed to his new name, but he really didn't like it, it lacked dignity. However, he loved the Hands, Gentle, because she smelled like flowers and kissed him, Warm, because he fed him and took him for long walks, even if it was on a pink braided leash. Snicker had grown to a full three

pounds and each day became more and more adept at ruling the household with his iron paw.

One spring morning the new maid forgot to close the back door and Snicker ran out into the sunshine. He hadn't meant to run far, but the grass was so green and the wind smelled so sweet that he forgot all about home. When he turned around and started back to Warm Hands, his house had disappeared. He sat at the end of a long alley and tried to think; a filmy piece of paper sailed past his head and he bounced after it. He might have caught it, too, but it floated over a deep, vicious growl, and Snicker looked up into a set of shiny yellow teeth. They sprang from a black mouth about the size of a barn door.

"This is my territory," snapped Yellow Teeth. His hot, rank smelling breath warmed the tips of Snicker's ears.

"Oh, pardon me," gasped Snicker, "I'm terribly sorry."

"Get movin', Small Change." The beast looked as big as a Cadillac convertible.

Snicker ran under a raspberry bush; his whiskers stood out from his triangle nose and his polka dot eyes showed white around their edges. He didn't move a muscle nor did he take his eyes from the huge animal who was about to swallow him.

Yellow Teeth watched him for a minute or two, then he went over and sat down next to a wire fence; he started to pant.

Snicker moved his eyes a bit to the right and saw a hound lying behind the fence.

"Hello, little fellow." The hound had a sugary, resonant voice and she smiled at Snicker.

"What's your name?" crooned the hound.

"Snick-, I mean, Sir Lancelot," said Snicker, proudly.

"You don't say," smiled the hound, "what a lovely name."

Snicker liked the hound. His tail began to tingle and he could feel all the little holes in his skin where his long grey hairs went through. He lay watching her and Yellow Teeth until his heart slowed down to a trot, then he looked carefully around. There were dogs everywhere, under bushes, behind garbage cans, and in doorways. They all had their eyes on Yellow Teeth and the hound.

"Get off my foot," shrieked a dirty white, grabbing the throat of his companion. "Can't youse watch where youse sets!" He gave his pal a terrible shaking.

Snicker pulled his head into his shoulder blades and shivered. He wondered where these boys had learned English and how they had developed such unmodulated voices.

"Git," roared Yellow Teeth, charging the group behind the trash burner. They scattered, snarling and falling over each other. But when Yellow Teeth turned his back, they slid back, stealthily, to their former places.

"Now Yellow Teeth," smiled the hound, "don't be so selfish. I like everybody."

"Ya! I know you do. That's why your last litter had ten nationalities in it."

"Please, don't speak of my morals. I'm not immoral. I'm just friendly. This fence wasn't my idea. My master wants me to be ready for hunting season this fall. He doesn't consider my id."

"What's Id?" asked Snicker from under the raspberries.

"Shut up, Bug Boy," grumbled Yellow Teeth, out of the side of his mouth, as he turned around two or three times and then settled himself comfortably next to the fence, closing his slanty eyes.

The bees hummed pleasantly in the raspberry blossoms, and the fragrance made him think of Gentle Hands, so Snicker fell asleep. When he awakened, it was dark and he was hungry. Yellow Teeth's eyes were closed; Snicker slipped slowly out from under the bush to look for food.

"Hey, where you goin'?" Yellow Teeth spoke without moving a muscle.

Snicker froze in his tracks. "I'm hungry," he sobbed in a tiny voice.

"You can think of food?" Yellow Teeth spoke with hollow disgust.

"Now Dawling." Snicker loved her voice; it sounded like that Hungarian blond on TV. "Of course, he can think of food, he's a gentleman."

"He's got buttermilk in his veins," snorted the great beast.

"Feed him, my love. He can't possibly beat your time. Look at the size of him."

"What's wrong with my size?" Snicker smiled confidently as he eyed her.

Yellow Teeth snapped a warning. "Maybe." He measured Snicker with his bloodshot eyes. "He might be able to get under the fence."

"No I couldn't," said Snicker standing up and starting toward the hound, "Look, I'll show you."

"NO YOU WON'T!" Yellow Teeth made a grab for him.

Snicker jumped sideways and scurried back under his bush.

"Get him some dinner, please Dawling," crooned the lovely thing.

Yellow Teeth looked at her for a long time, then he ambled over to the biggest garbage can in the alley and, with one swipe of his paw, upset it. "Me first," he snarled.

There was a steak bone, two chicken feet, a piece of burned toast, and two beautiful fish heads. Snicker's mouth watered as he watched Yellow Teeth eat his way through all those pungent smelling goodies.

"Be my guest, you microbe," he belched, walking back to his front row seat by the fence.

"Oh thank you, SIR." Snicker was horrified at Yellow Teeth's manners. But he forgot about everything as he ran to the pile of leavings and ate, and ate, and ate.

"You're a big pig," drawled the hound, "you should take note of that little thoroughbred."

"He's a dust mop for a midget," grumbled Yellow Teeth.

"What's a midget?" asked the hound with interest. "Would I like one?"

"Forget it," warned Yellow Teeth.

Snicker's sides were bulging when he crept back under the bush and fell asleep.

The next morning there were many children in the alley. They smiled at Snicker and tried to catch him, but he was quick as a whistle and eluded them by hiding under an old car hood. Yellow Teeth ignored the world and waited patiently.

When it got dark Snicker crawled back to his bower of blossoms to be near the hound and smell the sweetness of the night wind.

"You still here?" snarled Yellow Teeth.

"Yes, Sir," whispered Snicker. "I'm hungry."

"Not again!" Yellow Teeth spoke with disgust. He looked at the hound, who stood smiling at Snicker. "Oh all right, anything to please a dame."

In the meantime, Gentle Hands and Warm Hands were beside themselves. They advertised in all the papers, called the radio "Dog-Gone" broadcast, and visited the police station. On the third day a kind man called and said he had seen a little grey dog dead in a gutter some blocks away. Warm Hands rushed to the area, but no one remembered a little dead dog. Nevertheless, Warm Hands cancelled all the ads and Gentle Hands cried herself to sleep. He gave her a tranquilizer and took her out to dinner, but she couldn't eat. She considered suicide but couldn't think of a neat way to perform the act, so she just spent her days being sad. One morning she was sitting in her living room crying over Snicker's pink collar, when the door bell rang. It was Julie, her friend.

"My dear, we are all beside ourselves over Snicker." said Julie, gently.

"I know; somehow, I feel he is still alive. If only I could find his little body, I would feel better. Do you think there are dogs in heaven, Julie, dear?"

"Heaven?" asked Julie thoughtfully.—"I've an idea. If you don't think he is dead, why don't you try Saint Anthony. He is marvellous; he never fails. I use him when I lose anything."

"I'm not very religious," said Gentle Hands.

"Oh, that doesn't matter. You ask him, and I'll go to church and light a candle." Julie seemed so certain.

"Very well," smiled Gentle Hands, sadly. "I'll try." So when Julie left, Gentle Hands fell to her knees on the kitchen floor and began to talk aloud: "You don't know me from a cinder path, Saint Anthony, but I have lost my little Snicker. He's a very tiny little Snicker and very helpless. Could you make an exception for a poor Protestant and help me find him?"

Saint Anthony sat on the uppermost branch of a tall oak tree. His lantern and compass were hanging on a limb beside him. He was asleep. Suddenly, he awoke; the acorn dangling over his nose was flashing and buzzing: "Rat-a-tat."

"I say there," he said, sitting up and rubbing his eyes. "I have a call." He put the acorn to his ear and listened. "Yes?"

The acorn went on with its message.

"Yes, yes, yes. I'm so glad to hear from someone. Don't people forgotten all about me."

The acorn went on with it's message.

"Yes, yes, yes. I'm so glat to hear from someone. Don't people lose things any more?"

The acorn sounded apologetic.

"You needn't worry. I know how the world is these days. Makes me feel useless, though. By the by, what's the assignment? Who's been misplaced?"

"Rat-a-tat-tat."

The long beard bobbed up and down as he nodded his head in glee. "Well, what do you know; and a Protestant at that."

They chatted back and forth for a second or two before he hung up the acorn saying: "Roger." Then he picked his lantern and compass off the limb, hung them on his rope belt and stepped out into space saying: "Here we go." He dropped slowly down through the branches of the tree. When he felt the ground under his feet, he wiggled his pointed nose, dusted the twigs off his long white gown, combed his flowing silver hair with his fingers, and rubbed each sandal, in turn, on the back of his boney leg. Then he fluffed his beard in the gentle breeze to complete his grooming. When he was satisfied, he held up his lantern and shook it vigorously. "You've slept long enough, you lazy Fireflies," he sang. "We have a case." He flicked the globe with his fingers. "Get with it," he chided.

Suddenly, a little green light came on, then another, then another. When the lantern was glowing efficiently, the little white fellow took his compass and held it up to the light. He spun the dial till the needle came to rest on "LOST DOG." Nodding his head, he strode out from under his tree, whistling merrily.

Two minutes later he was strutting down the alley where Snicker lay asleep. Yellow Teeth heard him and stretched his lip, growling with earth shaking sincerity.

"Boo!" breathed the Saint.

Yellow Teeth put his tail between his long legs and flew around the nearest corner.

"What did you do that for?" asked the hound angrily.

"Quiet, woman," snapped the white figure. He parted the raspberry blossoms with his lantern and looked into their midst. "You lost, my friend?" he whispered.

"Gee, Sir, I sure am and I'm hungry, too. My supper of coffee grounds and lemon peels was not very filling."

"Tsk, tsk, tsk," laughed the old man.

Snicker put his tongue out and kissed the toes nestled in the sturdy brown sandals.

"Hey, that tickles," The Saint did a little dance. About then, there was a sound behind him so he jumped to the garage roof. His skirts flapped around his flying figure.

A deep voice came around the corner of the garage, stopped, listened a moment, then walked to the garbage can. He swore as he righted the can and put his bundle into its emptiness.

Snicker lay holding his breath, and Saint Anthony squatted on the roof, with his skirt tucked modestly around his knees.

"Aha, I know," Anthony slapped his boney knee and puffed out his cheeks. "Snicker you go and lick the hand of the deep voice."

"Nooooo." His voice quavered.

"Do as I say." Snicker felt the authority. So he crept out and licked the fingers of Deep Voice as they reached out to retrieve a handful of broken egg shells.

"Well, 'pon my soul, what have we here?" smiled Deep Voice. He lifted Snicker in his big hands and carried him into the house.

A pretty woman laughed as she saw Deep Voice with the little dog. "Where did you get that?" she cried. Her voice sounded like soft violins.

"You want him?" asked the deep voice.

"I can't keep him. What would he do all day when I'm away at work?"

"Maybe we better find him a home, but first he looks hungry." Deep Voice went to the refrigerator and poured Snicker a big saucer of milk.

Snicker swallowed it in five gulps wagging his tail with thanks.

"Best we look in the papers. Someone would, surely, have advertised for this little pup."

Of course, the ads were gone because Gentle Hands had turned her problem over to Saint Anthony.

"Not a word about him," said Deep Voice after a thorough search.

"Oh dear," thought Snicker.

Outside, Saint Anthony stood on his tip toes so he could peak into their kitchen window. "Drat it," he breathed. He squatted down beside the drain pipe and put the tip of his long beard in his mouth. "Now let me see," he said. He picked up his compass and spun the dial slowly, thinking all the time. "Ah, here it is." He turned the dial till the needle came to rest on E.S.P., then he sat down on the ground to ponder.

In the meantime, Deep Voice and his lady were wondering where to take Snicker.

"I know, let's take him to Sally. She only works in the mornings and she could have him for company." Snicker loved her voice. It wasn't as exciting as the hound's, but he was a little tired of the hound.

"Maybe you got somethin' there," agreed Deep Voice.

He took Snicker in his arms and walked down the street to a dark green bungalow. Saint Anthony followed, jumping from rooftop to rooftop, his lantern swinging crazily.

"Hi, Sally," Deep Voice called from the porch. "Look what I brought you."

Sally was a round woman who smelled like hot biscuits. She took Snicker in her arms and hugged him. Then she held him out and gasped: "This here, is the pup that lives across the street from where I works. The lady has been out of her mind over losing him. I'll go call her right away." She handed Snicker to Deep Voice and picked up the telephone.

Saint Anthony, who was hanging from a shutter, nearly fell to the ground in his excitement.

"They will be so happy," smiled Warm Biscuits from the telephone. "They thought he was dead."

Saint Anthony climbed down from his shutter and spoke to the lantern: "You boys can go back to sleep now, mission completed." The light went out as if it had been cut with a scissors. "Lazy loafers," smiled the Saint as he looked at the dark globe.

The little white figure strode down the street humming Adeste Fidelis. He stopped under a street lamp and looked at his compass. He spun the dial to "home," closed his eyes and swayed rhythmically. In the space of time it takes to complete a good sneeze, he was back in the crotch of the big oak tree. He put his lantern and compass on the branch and made himself comfortable. The little acorn swung silently over his nose. He watched it for a long while, nodding sleepily.

"Gee," he said, "it's a powerful long time between calls these days." Then he rolled his long beard into a pillow, put it under his head, and fell asleep to the music of the twinkling stars.

Greek Tragedy

Clinton E. McCord

FROM an historical perspective the drama emerged as one of the earliest of the arts. A typical history of dramatic literature, Brander Matthews' *The Development of the Drama,* suggests that pantomime with dancing and vocal accompaniment may be older than language. The innate attraction to drama is borne out in the record of human experience.

This paper is concerned with one particular form of dramatic art which became a part of man's experience at a relatively late date. Civilizations had flourished and decayed before the phenomena of Greek culture divided history, and the first flute player within the framework of that culture created what subsequent history has considered the highest form of dramatic art. Tragedy was a Greek con-

cept. In her essay on tragedy, Edith Hamilton is emphatic on this point:

> . . . Except for Shakespeare, the great three, Aeschylus, Sophocles, Euripides, stand alone. Tragedy is an achievement peculiarly Greek. They were the first to perceive it and they lifted it to its supreme height.

This has been a recurrent theme in my study and is the *motif* around which I have developed this paper.

Dionysus had come down from Thrace into Hellas, already established as the god of the vine, the god of luxuriant fertility. His reception was in the best spirit of the *guest-friendship* institution. Who wouldn't welcome such a fellow? Filled with his spirits, any gathering could become a joyous occasion. The god's popularity made it necessary for the defenders of orthodoxy to provide a genealogy commensurate with public opinion. He became the son of Zeus by Semele, the daughter of Cadmus, and was established as chief god of the groves, vineyards, and wild things (this seems to have included wild human impulses).

The hymns sung at the festivals of Dionysus provide an initial insight into the origin of Greek drama. These hymns, called *dithyrambs,* accompanied by a flute and dance, and corresponding to the passionate nature of his worship, celebrated the sufferings and actions of the god. In Corinth the ritual is said to have received its first semblance of artistic form. At Athens dithyrambs were sung twice in the year—at the Great Dionysia in the spring and at the Lenaea in the beginning of winter. The chorus was made up of fifty persons who stood in a circle around the altar.

Subsequent development of the dithyramb consisted of innovations in music and rhythm, providing stronger and more complete instrumentation, more variety, and a more secular character. Contests with prizes were the basis for keen competition between poets of the different tribes. The dithyramb expressed at one time exuberant joy, at another deep sorrow.

Thespis of Icaria is one of the best known personalities in the historic development of the drama. Poet, leader of the chorus, and actor, his pieces, according to tradition, consisted of a prologue, a series of choral songs connected with the action and dramatic recitations introduced between the choruses. The recitations delivered by a leader advanced the action of the play. The reciter was enabled to appear in different roles by the aid of linen or wooden masks. The masks are also said to have been introduced by Thespis. These innovations won the approval of the Athenian public, and thus became an important element in the Attic festival of Dionysus.

Thespis's followers developed Satyric drama and introduced an actor apart from the leader of the chorus. This prepared the way for true dialogue. From this background emerges Aeschylus, the first,

perhaps the greatest writer of true tragedy.

The significance of *tragedy as a Greek concept* cannot be strait-jacketed into a "History of Drama" approach. Created and developed by men of an historical period, Aeschylus, Sophocles and Euripides, the art form was affected by a cultural heritage—by what had been done in the general area; conversely the art form affected an historic period. As an emerging concept, tragedy so far exceeds what had gone before that we seem to perceive it like Athene, "full-grown." This is, of course, wrong thinking. Tragedy was related to other events occurring at the same time. Understanding then must relate to a knowledge of the Greek view of life, the spirit of the time, the traditions and institutions which had contributed to the general trend of thought. Understanding must also relate to a recognition of the poetic potential.

Socrates, referring to the "tragedians and Homer, who is at their head . . ." substantiates this approach. As we discussed in class, Aeneas provided an embodiment of virtue for the Roman—a symbol, an image. Odysseus, perhaps in a lesser degree, served a similar function for the Greek. Man needs a symbol. When the symbol is not provided by an historical personality, mythopoetry rises to the occasion. That, perhaps, is what makes many theological issues irrelevant. Jesus of Nazareth has an importance for my life that is in no way dependent on historic detail, event or action. In *Dr. Schweitzer of Lambarene,* Norman Cousins evaluates Schweitzer in terms of symbol:

> . . . The greatness of Schweitzer—indeed the essence of Schweitzer—is the man as symbol. It is not so much what he has done for others, but what others have done because of him and the power of his life and thought [that] is the kind of inspiration that can animate a generation. He has supplied a working demonstration of reverence for life. He represents enduring proof that we need not torment ourselves about the nature of human purpose. . . . Thus, Schweitzer's main achievement is a simple one. He has been willing to make the ultimate sacrifice for a moral principle . . . and because he has been able to feel a supreme identification with other human beings, he has exerted a greater force than millions of armed men on the march.

Tragedy, then, relates to Homeric Epic by way of reflecting the dignity, significance, nobility and grandeur of human life. William Faulkner in responding on receiving the Nobel Prize expresses the relationship *in purpose* of all poets:

> . . . It is easy enough to say that man is immortal simply because he will endure; that when the last ding-dong of doom has clanged and faded from the last worthless rock

> hanging tideless in the last red and dying evening, that even then there will still be one more sound: that of his puny inexhaustible voice, still talking. I refuse to accept this. I believe that man will not merely endure: he will prevail. He is immortal, not because he alone among creatures has an inexhaustible voice, but because he has a soul, a spirit capable of compassion and sacrifice and endurance. The poet's, the writer's, duty is to write about these things. It is his privilege to help man endure by lifting his heart, by reminding him of the courage and honor and hope and pride and compassion and pity and sacrifice which have been the glory of his past. The poet's voice need not merely be the record of man, it can be one of the props, the pillars to help him endure and prevail.

Within the framework of a society permeated by an anthropomorphic religious hierarchary, a Greek poet makes an evaluation. Set against his vision of man, the gods are found wanting. The poet recognizes his topic.

If the grandeur of human life is the concern of tragedy, it remains to discover how that grandeur is revealed by the dramatist. Here again, Edith Hamilton provides insight:

> . . . The great tragedies themselves offer the solution to the problem they propound. It is by our power to suffer, above all, that we are of more value than the sparrows. Endow them with a greater or as great a potentiality of pain and our foremost place in the world would no longer be undisputed. Deep down, when we search out the reason for our conviction of the transcendent worth of each human being, we know that it is because of the possibility that each can suffer so terribly. What do outside trappings matter, Zenith or Elsinore? Tragedy's preoccupation is with suffering.

Miss Hamilton pointed out that there are degrees of suffering, but not all suffering is tragic. Tragedy belongs only to the true aristocracy of this world—those who have the capacity for Life.

> . . . Tragedy's one essential is a soul that can feel greatly. Given such a one and any catastrophe may be tragic. But the earth may be removed and the mountains be carried into the midst of the sea, and if only the small and shallow are confounded, tragedy is absent.

How does all this relate to the poet's vision of man and the revelation of that vision? The answer is bound up in the concept of separated man, in the spirit of intellectual honesty and with moral courage seeking reunion with some organizing principle basic to his

existence; for human grandeur best expresses itself in the quest for wholeness. The Greeks called this Knowledge The Christian, at a later date, Love. One may stumble at a positive relation between Socratic "Knowledge" and Christian "Altruism." Yet, similarity and relationship does exist in the suffering experienced by human beings who have allowed themselves to be controlled by the implication of either concept.

Negatively, *Tragedy as a Greek concept* is comprehended in a modern culture's oscillation between good and evil. Within this culture the creative energy needed to realize something better is spent in maintaining what exists—the semblance of integrity. This is the human condition, but historically the degree of intensity has varied. I am suggesting that it was an absence of struggle which allowed the Greek to concentrate his creative powers and show history the full stature of man—it was freedom.

"THE TOWER OF BABEL ARTICULATE"

There is a God who speaks in many tongues—
"Pleni sunt coeli et terra gloria tua . . ."

I

In the sensuousness of nature:

through sun-etched edges of leaves, in light-traced line
engraved upon a plate of cobalt sky
by sun incisent illum'ning chartreuse skin
soft stretched 'cross spreading sinews' strong relief . . .

in scented vessels of flowers, blossom mouths
and petal chalices catching daylight dew
wherein the bee, for honey diving, dips his wing . . .

in stars, the gem-garbed courtiers of heaven's halls,
whose twinkling gestures of homage to Him
do fill with whisp'rings cosmic and secret sighs
celestial caverns and universal night . . .

the quiet quest of night that, heralded by
a copper-doubleted jester (squatting near,
then nearer, Western rims, to keep his place
now thrusts orange-cloaked areas away from him;
his trick now failing, his footing lost, he sinks
to oblivion . . . sudden, soft, and slow),
does fill and coat the wounds of creation—vales
and mountains—with blackening balm . . .

the snowflake, crystal confection, intricate web
of threads too frail for spiders' sport, instead
does weave a cloak to cover the shame of an earth

so barren . . .

in sighs of seas as the moon, in kissing earth's
bare breasts, makes love to the tides, and stirs the seas'
emotions . . . fickle, quickest, easiest heart!

the flight of gulls that traces with delicate point
the sweeping motion of aerial joy . . .

the agony of antique trees whose limbs writhe up
in wooden convulsions . . .

the litheness of fish, the glimmering secrets in tresses
of oceans, arched alive and radiant above
their aqua essence into lucent air . . .

the storm that riding whistling wind with hooves
of thunder sparking fire, disrobes the air
of green expectancy; sudden penance pins
upon dismantled fairness the splendid gem
of prismed sun-beams, broken sun-light, dulled fire . . .

the endless suit of sullen-rob'd night by dawn—
celestial empire sought by crown of light
pristine, in lilac set and rose secured . . .

II

In the pathos of a Satan:

desolate ruin, immortally monument,
titan once heaven-blessed,
testifies might of his Conqueror,
mind of his Author, Who
war-like and Nemesis-eyed
came in pursuit of the rebel angel.

Lucifer, hearing a cadence celestial
sound the approach of a Deity searching,
knew fear of the Lord,
Who with pacings deliberate, ponderous, massive,
o'erstrode sphery splendour in quest of his foe.
And when he saw God, he fell upon his knees,
for He was clothed in Perfection.

Poised, the resplendent Colossus o'ertowered bent Lucifer,
the Sword of Omnipotence pendent from sinewed, invincible hands;
He opened his mouth, and
a raspy-breathed wrath on the rebel descended—
a whirlwind of Righteousness spat with such vehemence,
Heaven did sigh, and Chaos was gutted,
revealing to Lucifer
bottomless, pitiless, sovereign Hell.

And He sentenced him thus:
Lucifer art thou no longer, but Satan—
no bearer of light has that shadowy wing—
hence the twilight of discord, despair, and dishonor
shall evermore dwell in thy heart, on thy brow,
forevermore brood on thy once-soaring wing.
Thy twilight from dusk to darkness shall thicken,
no more shalt thou know of Light, Love, and Peace. . . .

Thee I did fashion, from Love did create,
gave genesis, symmetry, lineament, feature.
And indeed, thou wert Lucifer,
for nobility of stature, magnificence of mind
so attended thy form, so enlightened thy visage,
the fairest of stars was o'er-shadowed next thee.

But by willful, perverted use of thy Beauty,
that once sent forth thoughts resplendent in loftiness,
but later rebellion born of base pride,
thy greatness, thy glory its worthiness forfeits—
thy nature misused, it festers within thee,
feeds on its elements,

despoiling the princely wealth of thy soul.
Insatiate perversion self-sharpened,
thy appetite fierce-hungered on others now turns;
insidious glutton, it eyes them voluptuously.
Emaciate spirit, thy cancer spreads—
deepening, widening, lengthening,
it contends with infinity, time, and eternity;
mistaking thy fever for light, the witless, the watchless,
too close to thy radiant contagion are drawn,
and slumber too near
to the ravenous jaws of a nature distended
by envy's voracity, that reduces with method
order to chaos, their strength to thy weakness:
yourself unable to bow, you destroy their stature,
unwilling to suffer your loss as their joy,
the possession of Beauty,
the dwelling of Me in them.

But you will fail,
for before thou wert,
I am.
And thou, O Ugliness,
ever subordinate to Beauty shall be,
for it was Beauty
conceived and confounded thee.

And thus, with tear-dimmed eyes,

God dealt a stroke that sent him,
curst and reeling,
to death eternal flaming below.

III

In the genius of mankind:

a Michelangelo . . .
who sculpted heaving pathos with cosmos bound,
in figures titan-limbed and marble-tongued:

"David," whose naked hip
a youth's still maiden flesh does show,
whose sinewed members lithely manhood sketch,
whose pensive aspect depth of human thought bespeaks . . .

"Lorenzo," knightly patron of arts, of scrolls,
the sire of Florence (Italy's second dawn),
with princely mien and statesman's eye reflects
in shadowed calm on crest, on shield, on crown . . .
"Moses," whose fixed gaze fanatic zeal
depicts, whose tendinous limbs impatient writhe,
anticipation's nervous grasp upon his soul . . .

a Beethoven . . .
whose brooding frenzy of passion became
articulate in stings, sonorous in woods,
ominous in percussion, haunting in brass . . .

a Shakespeare . . .
perception cunning bade him Clotho-like
amuse himself . . . intent in study rapt
of Nature's undulate pattern of subtle design,
the weave he unraveled, felt its grain, and marked
its hues—his own designs he fashioned thence,
from delicate threads of words, interlaced
with cogitation, spun to webs soft-toned
by connotation, woven on blank verse's frame.

IV

All things material and spiritual, whether beautiful or ugly, testify to the existence of God; for Beauty is He, and Ugliness by implication refers to Beauty. For Beauty and Ugliness are comparative and complementary terms. Whereas Bearty is a positive, direct testimony of God's existence, Ugliness is a negative, indirect testimony of His being. And because Beauty is God, and Ugliness is related to Beauty, God testifies on His own behalf through things beautiful and ugly.

"Pleni sunt coeli et terra gloria tua . . .":
Heaven and earth are full of thy glory . . .

—COLLEEN WIGGS

In the Form of Simplicity

Diane Meyer

LIFE in my hometown is exceptional. Its people are uncommon, its physical appearance is unusual, and its community spirit is one of unique strength and tolerance. Randall Stewart, in his essay *On the Meaning of Vanderbilt,* spoke in regard to a university situation when he wrote ". . . traditions and ideals bind us together in a community." However, this does not disregard the idea that common traditions and ideals will bind any people anywhere in a spiritual community. My hometown, Nappanee, Indiana, is alive with a story of its own traditions and ideals to exemplify Stewart's truth.

To understand Nappanee's wonder, one must first know of its composition. Driving through Nappanee is not shockingly different from viewing any mid-western town of five thousand. Two main streets intersect in the heart of the town and are lined with old grey stone and reddish-brown brick buildings, occasionally interrupted with a sign of progress in the form of a modern structure. The first hint of its unique quality is announced by a clippity-clop as a horse-drawn buggy ambles through the street. Suddenly one notices a few quaintly-garbed folk, surrounded by multitudes of children, either visiting in groups or scurrying from store to store. Or perhaps it is Sunday in Nappanee. Long caravans of buggies can be chanced upon faithfully journeying to a good-hearted neighbor's where a worship hour is being held. These people impart a fairy-tale aura which envelops the town giving it character and individuality. You see, Nappaneans are forty percent "plain people," or Amish, a religious sect believing in true simplicity in living.

Nappanee is awake to these people's needs and respects their wishes and beliefs. Recently the town cleared a parking lot for Amish horses and buggies. In the stores merchandise shows antiquity as items from butter churns to gas lamps are standard. Barbers must also gear their trimming knowledge to beard-shaping and "bowl" hair-cuts.

As is naturally expected, conflicts arise between this seemingly non-progressive, conservative faction and the business, progressive, educational and professional factor. This is where the divine wonder of Nappanee's community spirit dominates. The basic goal of Nappanee citizens is "to make Nappanee morally, economically, and religiously, a good place to live and raise a family." This element of conservatism provides Nappanee with a most precious and intangible strength. The influence generated by this forty percent, who so puritanically believe in a morally sound and religiously pious community, brings into close association their "good simple life," Thoreau's panacea, with that business, social, and material aspect in Nappanee's community existence. In the combination of these two,

a feeling of brotherhood and unity in all functions, social, business, or religious, prevails. Stewart referred to an "honor system" as a result of the community feeling. Nappanee's answer to his "honor system" is the common trust which allows citizens to leave their doors unlocked, with no qualms of theft. Living to make life easier for all in the community is the prevailing spirit with which Nappanee is endowed.

As the "plain people" are a personification of "in the world, but not a part of it," so their existence provides an invisible adhesive to bind all opposing components into one striving for a common goal. Thus, in the form of simplicity, is Nappanee blessed with a true, living community spirit.

Versailles–Lost Wonderland

Clara I. Frisbie

"BREATH-TAKING . . . unbelievable . . . shimmers with a glow of the past." I read again the words in the travel folder describing the palace of Versailles. I had studied the history of the great palace which today still stands as a monument to the glory of France; now for the first time I was going to see that monument. In just a few moments I would be standing in front of the gates of a world museum, a museum of grandeur and excellence.

I settled back in my seat and listened to the sound of the motor as the bus moved swiftly along. I tried to picture how Versailles would really look. I could imagine it shimmering in the distance, gradually taking shape as I drew near, the huge gates gleaming as the sun shone on their golden tips. I could almost see the dazzling path that led up to the huge iron doors and the splendor of each room as it unfolded before me still enveloped in the robes of the past.

The bus jolted to a stop and I came out of my world of daydreams. I was seized with a feeling of intense anticipation. My excitement mounted as I gathered up my things and hurried towards the door. By the time I managed to get out of the bus, I trembled uncontrollably.

For a moment I was afraid to raise my eyes and see the reality, but slowly, almost without volition, I lifted my head and saw Versailles, wonderland no more.

There were the huge gates with their tips of gold, but the gold was tarnished and chipped with age. The touch-up painting made it look like an old woman trying to cover up ugliness with cosmetics. The dazzling path was of cold, gray brick, and instead of being bathed in sunlight it was washed in a foggy drizzle. The doors, it's true, were of heavy iron, but they didn't open unfolding rooms of "unbelievable splendor." They opened unfolding rooms that seemed neither splendid nor quaint, but merely in poor taste.

The Hall of Mirrors was a long corridor with windows on one

side and mirrors on the other. The entire thing had been done in gold. The floor was done in gold colored cement. The elaborate carvings around the mirrors and windows were gold. The candelabra which stood in front of each mirror were gold. Even the door at the end of the corridor was of solid gold. At one time Versailles might have been considered magnificent and beautiful, but as I looked around I saw only the tarnished color, the too elaborate statues, and the general ostentation. The King's Council Room was done entirely in blue and gold. The blue curtains were embroidered in gold. The blue chair and table coverings were embroidered with gold. Even the wall which was painted blue had been outlined with gold. I visited the War Drawing-room, the Opera of Louis XV, the Room of Hercules, the Room of Diane, the Queen's Room, and the Room of Peace with increasing disappointment.

When the tour was finally over, I followed the others down the drab, brick path to the waiting bus. There was still only a light rain, but to me each drop seemed to weigh a year and I'm certain I grew older with each step I took. When I heard the heavy, iron gates closed behind me, I turned to look once more at a dream; a dream, a miniature Fantasyland, which became a reality after years of hope and in less than a minute turned into a lost wonderland.

Abstractions: The Deceptive Words

Rick Stanton

"WORDS are but the signs of ideas," wrote Samuel Johnson, the great English author and lexicographer. And like signs, which can only point the way toward something in the distance, words can often merely point in a general direction. I am not speaking of words like "inch" and "ounce" and "year," which have obtained very specialized meanings. I am not even speaking of the more generalized terms like "house" and "tree" and "ground," which, although they do not represent standardized quantities or qualities, do at least impart some sort of visual image to the listener's mind. Rather, I am speaking of abstractions—those words which have no concrete referent. These are the words which have turned brother against brother and father against son merely because both persons had a different referent in mind. For instance, let us explore a few of the possible meanings of the word *freedom*.

Freedom is a word which usually gives us a pleasant feeling or a feeling of justice (there is another word of which we should be careful!) having been accomplished; but if we examine some of its dictionary meanings, I think we shall see that freedom is not always desirable. We see that freedom can mean anything from (1) "liberation from slavery, imprisonment, [or] restraint" to (2) "exemption; immunity; as the freedom from care" to (3) "exemption from necessity, in choice and action; as, the *freedom* of the will" all the way to (4) "improper familiarity." We can see quite readily that

freedom in the sense of the fourth meaning would never be desirable. In the first sense of the word, freedom from slavery, imprisonment, or restraint may be quite desirable—in some instances. As the result of our Civil War, the American Negro was freed from the chains of slavery. There is currently a movement under way to free him from the chains of those who would make him inferior because of his color, and this is rightly so. But, on the other hand, who among us would liberate the convicted murderer from his prison cell? Or who among us would free from restraint the man who is mentally ill? In both cases we can see that freedom is undesirable, because the protection of society is necessary. In addition, the insane man must be protected from himself. Again we see that freedom is not always desirable. Thus, before we can say whether freedom is desirable or not, we must first say which definition we are using and, secondly, state the circumstances involved. In other words, we must take an abstract word and give it a concrete meaning for the case at hand.

The second and third definitions I have saved until last because they present an interesting contradiction—the story of how one word can be its own antonym! Definition number two is perhaps the broadest definition that could be given to the word *freedom,* "exemption; immunity; as the freedom from care." If we had only this definition to go by, we would be led to believe that true freedom is achieved when one is exempt from all outside forces, when there is an "unawareness of being hampered in any way." This is the type of childish reasoning that we all have to overcome; for if we believe this way, we will never be able to achieve any sort of freedom for ourselves. For instance, there was the small boy who complained because he could not stay up until ten o'clock to watch television. What he actually wanted was the freedom to stay up as late as he wished. When he was old enough to stay up as late as he wished, he decided that he couldn't be free to live his own life until he could get a driver's license. When he had obtained his license, he found that he could not always get the car when he wanted it; and so he decided that what he really needed to make him free was his own car. But when he had obtained his own car, he decided that the way to freedom was to get married; and so he did. Now he finds that he has less freedom than ever!

Actually, what he failed to realize was that as he gained more freedoms, he was forced to take on more responsibilities. In other words, as a young boy he possessed the freedom described in definition two—the "freedom from care." As he grew older, he traded this freedom in for the freedom in definition three—the "freedom of the will." His definition of freedom should not have been "total absence of restraint"; for this would imply a lack of both outside controls and internal restraint—a situation which is impossible. Rather, his definition should have been more like that of the word *liberty,* which, according to Webster, implies "a power to say [and] do what one wishes, as distinguished from being uninhibited in doing,

thinking, etc."

It is quite significant to note that our Constitution, the document which is the very basis for our political and civil liberties, does not once use the word *freedom.* The men who wrote our Constitution and those who have written the twenty-four Amendments added since have known the dangers inherent in abstract words. Instead of vaguely discussing "freedom," they have used specifics: "no law respecting an establishment of religion," "the right of the people peaceably to assemble," "nor cruel and unusual punishments inflicted," and "the right . . . to vote shall not be denied . . . on account of sex." These are some of the specifics They tell us what these men have meant by *freedom.*

Likewise, Socrates, Buddha, Locke, Bacon, and all great philosophers, scientists, and thinkers have realized that words are signposts which can merely point the way in a general direction. They have realized the importance of definition. If these brilliant men have had to use careful definition, is it not even more important that we should? Voltaire put it quite bluntly when he said, "If you wish to converse with me, define your terms."

The Sad Saga of Joe Man

Joan O'Sullivan

MR. JOE MAN rises every weekday morning at 7:30, shaves, eats, and drives to work. Work is an accounting firm where from 9:00 to 5:30 every weekday Joe sits in a tiny cubicle adding and checking columns of figures. Every weekday afternoon Joe leaves his desk, drives home, has a beer, eats, watches television, and goes to bed. On weekends Mr. Man sleeps late, eats, watches television, reads the sports news, and goes to bed. Although Mr. Man may not know it, he is a slave. Despite the fact that he may do as he pleases when, where and how he pleases, he is very much a slave. He is a slave to the vicious tyrants known as routine, habit and ordinariness. Mr. Man's mind has been placed in shackles by these masters, and under the weight of the chains—has gradually fallen completely dormant and useless.

Mr. Man, unfortunately, is typical of many in this country today. There is something in our society which encourages man's mind to accept the ordinary, the mundane, the mediocre in life and not to seek that which is extraordinary, stimulating, challenging. The chief factor in leading the Joe Mans of today to this acceptance of mediocrity is our society's emphasis on comfort. Joe Man would never think of walking the ten blocks to his office—why should he when he has a nice, cushioned, comfortable car to ride in? Nor could he conceive of getting up early on a Saturday morning to see the sunrise, for his bed is soft and warm, and what possible good would he gain from arising? Joe is concerned to a great extent with his comfort—with his air-conditioner, his electric blanket, his remote

control television, his electric golf cart Even his mind seems to be comfortable—it is swathed in a cottony layer of oblivion which defies all attempts to penetrate its etheral depths.

Hand in hand with Joe's interest in comfort is his disinterest in work. His job does involve a certain kind of work, but it is a dull, repetitive, mechanical type—there is no deep thought involved in his job. The type of work Joe Man avoids is that which requires investigation, analyzation, creative thought; for him this is uncomfortable. In his little cycle of home-office-home there is no practical need for this type of thought; therefore Joe Man ignores its presence and continues in his state of vegetation. Any challenge to Mr. Man's mind is ignored because Mr. Man does not even recognize it as such.

Is Mr. Man happy in his state of nothingness? Not really. He may feel a vague sensation of an absence of unhappiness, but he is not really happy. His mind is too bland to feel any strong sensations of either pain or pleasure. His mind is shrouded in a protective cloak of ignorance which allows only mediocre, average feelings through and which emits only standard, ordinary thoughts.

Mr. Joe Man is the victim of a society which encourages one to find the easiest way out; to not get involved; to seek only comfort, and when one has found it, to keep it and to consider the search complete. Mr. Man's mind is so chained to the tree of mediocrity that it cannot get far enough in any direction to be extreme in anything. It cannot go out on a limb, for it is tied to the trunk, to the standard, to the basis. It is enslaved by the forces of society to remain ever dull, ever average, ever in a state of unknowing oblivion.

An Eye for Beauty

Patricia Wray

I DO NOT claim to be any more aware of the physical world than the next person, but by talking to some other people, I have come to the conclusion that most are blind. In a world of natural physical beauty, most of the population of the United States watches television so feverishly that Junior's first words are "buy-buy." For these people the world consists of commercials, new programs, commercials, color cartoons, and more commercials. This is what I mean by blind.

Each day I awake into a new world that is fresh, clean, alive, and beautiful. Each day I thank God for this ability that I have to see—really to see.

My talent is to make things lovely. I do little things like putting a shaggy flower with a long stem in a rusty, old can and setting it on a white stone ledge in the sun. Sometimes I do downright odd things like writing down what I see the way I *want* to see it instead of the way it really is My favorite topic for this stunt is the sunset, especially on a cool October night when not all the leaves have yet fallen. What someone else may see as a pretty sky I see as a golden

curtain draped across eternity, partially veiled by an edging of luxurious black lace that fades into velvety darkness and tranquil night. This is the way my mind works most of the time. Perhaps it is a talent, but how tiring it is always to see the multiplicity in things, always to see things as they are and as I would like them to be.

In people, too, I see this beauty. Not all beauty is physical, of course, but everyone is beautiful in some way. How often I hear someone say how terrible this person is, or how ugly that person is; and I realize that I have never really thought about these supposed shortcomings. I am hurt to discover the venom that some people have for others who may be complete strangers. I smile to think how peaceful it would be if, for just a day, there were no calumnies, no gratuitous insults. This day, to me, would be beautiful. It is this kind of beauty that I appreciate as much as my long-stemmed flower in the rusty tin can—different yet alike.

Another kind of beauty that I imagine could never be imitated by anyone is the beauty of the wild. I believe the most nightmarish sight that I have ever seen is the modern-day skyscraper. Everyone has his own opinion, I know, but to me the person who planned such a structure as this has something against the whole world and is taking out his hate in the form of such monsters as this. This type of man-made "beauty" I would prefer doing without; but perhaps this is the architect's talent Mine is a nature-loving talent, I suppose: a talent that makes me prefer a stagnant, ill-smelling pond occupied by transplanted goldfish to a maze of egregious, distorted piles of man's imagination.

Somewhere in the world there is another person who is like me; somewhere there is another dreamer who sees what isn't there and doesn't hear what is said. I will find that person some day; it shouldn't be too difficult. All I have to do is hope and watch for a shaggy, long-stemmed flower in a rusty old can sitting on a white stone ledge in the sun.

Look, Look, See Me Adjust: A Dissertation on Progressive Education

Rick Stanton

REALLY, it all started one day when I saw a TV commercial. It said: "Do you wish you could adjust to the modern world? Then why not come to John Dowey's School of Progressive Learning. No obligation." Well, I figured I could use a little adjusting, so the next day I went down to Professor Dowey's big building. I walked in and tried to look big and important so they would think I was a big-shot. Inside, everything was ultra-modern. I think they called it progressive furnishing. Well, I took off my hat and sat down in a contrivance which appeared to be a cross between a lounge chair and an astronaut's contoured couch. As soon as I was seated, the chair began to move over toward what appeared to be a

huge computing machine with all sorts of flashing lights and revolving gadgets. After the chair had stopped in front of the machine, a deep voice began booming out of a large speaker located near the top of the machine: "Greetings, and welcome to Professor John Dowey's School of Progressive Learning." It asked me why I had come here, and I said that I wanted to become educated and adjustable and that sort of stuff. "All right, then," it went on, "first we must classify you. What is your name?"

"Aloysius Bartholomew Gustavus, Jr."

"Ugh, how revolting! No wonder you need help. Such an uncommon name will never do. Your name here will be John Doe. Understand?"

"Yes."

"Age?"

"Six and a half."

"Previous schooling?"

"None."

"Splendid! That will make our methods much easier. You are to report tomorrow morning at 0800 hours for class. Some of the others have already been here for several weeks, so don't be alarmed by what you see. You will report to room 115. That is all."

Well, my mommy brought me the next morning and took me to room 115 because I didn't know how to read numbers. So I went in to try my first experience in learning. When I went in, I saw the other boys and girls; and it might sound funny or something, but they all looked kind of alike. I asked them if they were brothers and sisters or something, but they said no, that they were just learning to adjust to each other, or something like that And then the teacher walked in and started to teach us. First he asked us if we were all having a good time, and then he told us that the best way to learn new things is by doing, so did any of us want to do something? Well, nobody could think of anything, so we just sat there. After a while it got awfully boring just sitting (I think he was teaching us how to sit), so he finally said he would read us a story. It was about a little squirrel named Bobby who ate nuts during the summertime. Some of the squirrels told Bobby that winter was coming and that he should put some of the nuts away and kind of save them. But Bobby didn't like to work, so he didn't. One day winter came, and Bobby found that all the nuts were gone, and he got very hungry. But he remembered that a boy who lived in a *white house* had taken some of the nuts from *his* tree during the summer. Bobby went to the *white house* and yelled in. The door opened and out rolled a "fine brown nut." Bobby had learned his lesson. "Well," thought Bobby. "I know how to get my dinner. All I have to do is ask for it." (Ed. note from *The New Our New Friends,* Scott, Foresman and Co.).

Well, we all thought it was a splendid story and that we had learned a lot. Once again he asked us if we wanted to "learn by

doing," but no one could think of anything to do. But he said that was all right because he didn't want to push us too fast. After all, the idea was to adjust to the group; and if the group didn't want to do anything, we could best adjust by doing what everyone wanted, which was nothing. And so went my first day.

Well, twelve years have passed here since that first day, and I am to be graduated this spring. I feel fortunate to have attended such an excellent school, for it is only here that I could have made such a fine adjustment to society. I feel genuinely sorry for my friends who went to regular schools because they tell me that the competition (or something like that) is frightful. I don't know exactly what they mean, but I *can* say that these have been the happiest twelve years of my life; not one tear has been shed by anyone in my class during these twelve years. The only thing that *is* bad about our school is that it is still quite difficult for me to tell the students apart. As a matter of fact, they tell me that I have grown to look a lot like them, too. But that's no problem; we all wear name tags. Because I have enjoyed this school so much, I asked Professor Dowey if I could give the valedictorian address at the commencement exercises; but he said no, that we don't have valedictorians because it makes the others feel inferior. But he said that he would honor me by giving me the "Most Typical Graduate Award." He is a nice man.

Well, I really must get back to class. The teacher just now asked if anyone wanted to do anything, and one student said that he wanted to learn to count, but one boy said he was afraid it would be too hard, so we aren't going to. I kind of wish we would because I'm going to feel kind of funny when my mommy has to take me to the room number where we graduate, but I mustn't say anything. I think he'll read us a story.

The Privilege of Prejudice

Mark Allison

THROUGHOUT the last decade, during which man is purported to have come under the effects of increased tension caused by today's fast-moving society, psychologists and others, who consider themselves to be authorities where the vast realm of the human mind is concerned, have dutifully suggested that Mr. Average Person can lessen the effects of daily emotional stress by engaging himself in some form of a hobby. The term hobby can not be easily defined by any single listing of possible interests and activities. The reason for this stems from the fact that the action which serves as an enjoyable diversion for one individual may be the principal source of livelihood for a person in different circumstances. However, one usable definition would be the following: some activity, other than the primary means of income, from which the participant gains enjoyment or a sense of fulfillment.

Now, having given the term a definition, the second step is to perceive how the pursuit of a hobby can give satisfaction and yet ease tension. Perhaps, just perhaps, part of the soothing ability can be accredited to the individual's privilege to be prejudiced in his reasoning, if he so desires, without having to answer to any superior. This would be particularly true in areas of interest such as reading, hunting, and golfing where the enthusiast is a prime participant in the action. One may enjoy the writing of the majority of American poets and yet be free to dislike that of Walt Whitman without putting forth any logical argument in defense of his views. The sportsman who prefers to hunt deer with a replica of a black-powder rifle rather than any of the fine modern firearms available may do so without offering any explanation.

In his essay "Four Kinds of Thinking" Mr. James H. Robinson says concerning our opinions: "We may surrender, but rarely confess ourselves vanquished. In the intellectual world at least peace is without victory." In the opinion of this writer Mr. Robinson's statement holds true most readily in the world of politics and big-business today. A man must be ready to state his own opinions and the logic behind them and then be ready to yield to arguments of greater weight or sway to meet the demands and fancies of the powers that be. Here, in this high-speed world, where all personal feelings seemingly must give way for the good of the corporation or of the party or of the alliance, one can derive much comfort from a hobby which allows the participant unquestioning freedom of action, no matter how undeniably partisan or how unlikely that action may be.

The Jungle

Evelyn Jones

THE DOOR stood ajar. I hesitated. Cautiously I stepped into the room. A canary sat quietly on the wooden rod in its cage. It chirped, waited, chirped again. I slipped past a shelf of horizontal glass cases. The world was watching. I edged along the aisle passing big ones, small ones, fat ones. Pairs of staring, apprehensive eyes followed me from one place to the next as I studied the occupants of the cages. The even, concentrated breathing rose and fell rhythmically. I could not make a mistake this time.

Slowly my hand moved along the leg of my trousers, turned the edge of my pocket, and reached downward. I stopped. Behind a row of narrow compartments, lying on the floor, was mine. I was sure. It stretched and yawned. Sensitive brown eyes peered from behind two drooping lids. A spot—one black spot—marked the white forehead and neck. The ears twitched instinctively. I fingered the crisp, thin pieces of paper in my pocket. Yes, I was sure! I grabbed—enclosing them into my hand. I turned and faced the man behind the counter.

"The black and white puppy, please."

Jif Is Ter-rif!

Kerry Stratton

LAST YEAR while I was still a senior in high school, I participated in interschool speech activities. One area which I enjoyed very much was radio announcing. At one tourney we were to draw an unknown topic and ad lib about it for two minutes. But what can one do in two minutes? Right, very little, and from that day to this I have awaited an opportunity to express myself adequately upon that topic. In this paper I want to amend the past by taking the necessary time to tell, "Why I like Peanut Butter."

First we need a definition of terms; what is peanut butter anyway? The label of a favorite national brand reads, "made from choice roasted peanuts, with partially hardened vegetable oil, sucrose, salt, honey, peanut oil and lecithin." Ahhh . . . isn't that inspiring?

But telling why I like peanut butter isn't the easiest thing in the world to do. Similarly, why do you part your hair the way you do? Or, how did you happen to get hit on the head and robbed by walking along College and Sixteenth streets at 2:00 A. M.? Indeed, it's difficult to say the least.

For as far back as my memory will serve me, I have had a warm spot in my heart for peanut butter. When I was about seven I had experienced difficulties with an eight year old bully. But one day my mommy encouraged me to eat my peanut butter sandwich because "it would make me grow up to be a very strong boy." So later that day when mommy wasn't looking I eagerly devoured the entire jar. Then with my super peanut butter strength I went looking for the bully, of whom I made short work. Although I learned shortly thereafter that peanut butter doesn't really give you superman powers, I never forgot this peanut buttery good turn.

Today, I suppose I'd tell you that I like peanut butter because it is a tasty, tangy treat that one can enjoy any time of the day. It doesn't spoil appetite, and it can be eaten with countless other foods. It is dreamily creamy; and with the greatest of ease it melts in your mouth, and verily slides into your tummy. Mummmm. And besides that, it has a heavenly fragrance which I would be only too happy to spend the day sniffing if I had the time.

When I sit in my room quietly with my peanut butter sandwich in hand, visions unfold as I begin to munch. With my first bite I envision Jiffy, the peanut butter kangaroo, pranching about on my walls yelling at the top of his voice "Jif is Ter-riff." The second bite reminds me of George Washington Carver working patiently in his laboratory to isolate the peanut's proteins. My next bite brings to mind RNA, which is a biochemical substance formed from amino acids, of which peanuts are chuck full. Scientists believe that RNA is not only important because it produces important proteins, but also because it has bearing upon one's intelligence. . . . And now

my peanut butter sandwich is no more. And it is with sadness that I resolve to do other things. As I leave my room with a pained air I say "Peanut butter," using the term as an interjection expressing my dismay.

But what is the "real" reason that I like peanut butter? Could the reason be continued influence from the "boob tube," that is to say the television? Almost daily the virtues of consuming a particular brand of peanut butter are extolled before my dripping eyes. It might be Skippy; "If you like peanuts, you'll LOVE Skippy." Of perhaps one hears about Peter Pan, it's the "Peanuttiest." Not only is Jif, "Ter-riff" but now it has "more peanut taste." And let's not forget the conservative brand, Planter's, with Mr. Peanut on the label. Now Planter's is fortified with vitamins A and D.

So it seems that to the individual, eating peanut butter has become a critical issue. It has become vital to one's well-being. If you don't eat this or that particular kind of peanut butter you're liable to grow up to be a skinny, bow-legged, knock-kneed, hunch-backed, Indian rubber man with yellow jaundice, weak eyes, and halitosis.

But anyway despite the "real" reason, I think I have several pretty "good" reasons for liking peanut butter. And I can thank my lucky stars for that! For if I lived thirty years ago I'd probably have nothing to say except "I like peanut butter because it tastes good."

Creative Thought: The Key to Progress

Astrid Henkels

THINK is a word which I heard frequently during my last semester in high school. "Think!" my teachers urged again and again when my classmates and I found it difficult to explain symbolism in literary works, to draw conclusions from results of experiments, or to find solutions to complicated mathematical problems. They attempted to teach us to search for hidden meanings, to ask why natural phenomena occurred, and to discover for ourselves the answers to our questions. For the first time, every course which I was studying demanded creative thought. Previously, I had been forced to think about more than the material in textbooks only in my English classes and in a few others. History had been a conglomeration of names, dates, and facts to be memorized; mathematics a series of numbers which could be manipulated in various ways; science an explanation of processes no one could be expected to understand. Now, however, my teachers failed to be impressed by mere repetition of words from the textbooks; they insisted that we depend less on the thoughts of others and more on our own ideas.

In attempting to teach us to think, my teachers were aiming toward the goal of education itself. For as Alan Simpson has pointed out, one of the characteristic traits of an educated man is his ability to think clearly. This skill is his key to all knowledge; with it he can

open doors to all fields of learning and discover secrets available to no one else. Without the ability to think, Shakespeare could never have transformed his reverie into the works which the world has admired and enjoyed for four centuries; Beethoven would never have written his symphonies; and Einstein could never have formulated his theory of relativity. If men throughout history had failed to use their creative powers, libraries would be non-existent and schools useless. There would be no education and no progress.

As James Harvey Robinson has stated, then, creative thought is the only hope of the future. We must try to develop it in ourselves and force ourselves out of our complacency. Too many persons feel, as I often do, that all we in the twentieth century need to do is to relax and to use the luxuries which science has given us. We are contented because we have refrigerators, automobiles, television sets, and electric heating. We ask ourselves, "What could I possibly discover that has not been discovered already in this era of progress?" and do not attempt to find an answer. With awe we read of recent scientific developments and marvel at the amazing complexity of new machines. Yet we fail to realize that the human mind has capacities far beyond our comprehension; that many fields remain unexplored; that knowledge will never reach a limit. Few of us understand that discoveries have been made by men not necessarily more intelligent than we; that the only real difference between them and us has been their willingness to use their minds. We do not realize that all machines consist of variations of the simple machines put together by men who were not satisfied by the progress that had been made already. If everyone had believed that no one could improve the horseless carriage, we would never see the sleek automobiles which move along the streets at speeds which forty years ago would have been considered maniacal; and if all persons had thought of the Wright brothers' invention as the ultimate in transportation, flights in space would certainly not be possible today. Of course we can not know what astounding feats will be performed in the future. If we learn to think creatively, however, we can be sure that progress will continue to exist.

The Tragic

Bob Stewart

THERE is an appalling obsession spreading in the minds of men today which, until recently, solved only a few problems but now seems to solve all. The obsession is objectiveness. Man has lost himself in certainties, axioms, proofs, and all other manifestations of an indubitable character. Today there is only one doctrine for expressing the correct answer—irrefutability.

However, there are people who do not consider this a contemptible attitude, and they are the real bores one confronts in life. They will agree that not all problems have a definite, final answer, but they

view everything as an object of thought, and thus supersede subjectiveness with objectiveness. It seems that they can not or will not express what they feel, but rather what is acceptable in the eyes of society. Their lives follow a rather stoic system of action, and before they realize it they are regarding themselves as objects. Thus, forgetting that they are existing human beings, they approach life as a series of problems that must be solved, rather than a joy that must be experienced. They spend their entire lives in practicalities, whether the results be success or failure, seldom facing the unanswerable questions which they forgo as prosaic trivialities, questions such as these: Why is the sky so blue? What makes a poem so lovely? What is faith? Why is life gay at times, and sad at others? It is obvious the answers to these questions are not lasting certainties, but at best, only poetic descriptions of emotions and passions. They will not prove to be useful for the accomplishment of any deed; they simply exist as paradoxes which man must face with awe and affection. Yet, a great many people examine these questions with an exanimate attitude of knowledge and assuredness, always giving a rational explanation of the unknown. They pass through life never grasping the true meaning of its mysteries, constantly attempting to put limits on its infinity.

Now, perhaps some people do not feel that this problem is really so serious as I have made it appear to be. I agree that it is not going to cause any external disturbance, except between individuals of opposite attitudes, but that does not mitigate its tragic quality. The tragedy lies in the soul of the individual who constantly turns to objective rationalism and never to subjective aestheticism. The fact is that he is not sensitive to the truly lovely things which exist, or if he is, he is too practical to let it be known that he is awed by something he can not explain.

There is an answer to this problem, but it rests with each individual in the most inward manner; any external change is purely superficial. The change must be a matter of intensification, that is, rejecting all extensiveness and relying on one's subjective being for the answer. No system of action is possible; it is purely becoming aware of the problem that will result in any transformation.

Skepticism as a Key to Reality

Sandra Cheshire

IN ANCIENT Greece a wise man was considered by many individuals to be one who looked upon all knowledge with a certain measure of skepticism or doubtfulness; he accepted nothing, initially, to be totally and irrevocably certain or veritable. It was further maintained by some skeptics at this time that man should not trust even his own senses, for his sensations were not considered to be reliable indicators of reality and truth. Pyrrho, one of the first believers in skepticism as a doctrine, asserted that any real knowledge of life

was impossible, and thus, many of his followers came to believe that man should passively accept all occurrences with a certain degree of apathy. Radical skeptics, then, entertained the conception of a wise man as being a passive one. Certainly, such skepticism is not valid, nor has it a place in logical thinking.

Literally, a skeptic is one who examines. Such examination, to be truly effective, should be objective and moderate; if it is not, it has no intrinsic worth. In most instances, one should question at the outset any glaring assertions which are generally considered to be concrete, until their validity has been proved in his own mind, or until he views enough evidence to support or refute them. However, the individual must constantly be on guard against becoming too skeptical. The main difference between radical and moderate skeptics is that the moderation of the latter allows them to formulate their own personal opinions, and the overall purpose of skepticism is basically to aid the individual in thinking logically and realistically, so as to arrive at intelligent opinions.

Skepticism is the acknowledged tool of science and philosophy, which must rely upon continuous inquiry to bring ultimate truths and principles into light. Having a questioning mind, however, is not limited to usefulness in these disciplnes alone; being skeptical can be of great service to every person who must evaluate information. For example, every layman is in daily contact with advertising—a common medium for distributing classified information to the public. To be sure, claims and allegations made by the advertiser can seldom be taken at face value; some may have accurate foundations, but it is generally accepted that many do not. Thus, the skeptic, or the person who examines the evidence, is the one who will benefit most from having investigated these claims and having discovered which of them were valid. This is also especially true in politics as well as in advertising; political propaganda is constantly in circulation, and the wise person is the one who questions all political assertions or accusations in order to lay bare the clear facts in question.

In contemplating modern ideologies, skepticism is an invaluable asset. Unceasing questioning constantly evinces the fallacies and the crass misrepresentations of such doctrines. Anyone, for example, who examines the writings of Marx and Engels, or of Lenin, with closest scrutiny can easily detect the gross errors of judgment rendered by these men. By reviewing the actual facts behind their concepts, one can maintain logically and beyond a doubt that modern Communism is one of the most intense attempts at world-wide deception. It is a dangerous mockery of values, moreover, and only the man who exercises skepticism can become cognizant of the fact that Communism holds no hope or promise of a worthwhile future for the world. Humanity as a whole can be aided immeasurably if man will assert his power of skepticism to revoke the tenets of Communism or of any other similar ideology which can bring nothing of beneficence to mankind.

It can be stated, then, that skepticism is necessary to intelligent thinking. A questioning spirit is highly important in today's world in order for man to make any definite progress. However, as with all aids to thinking, skepticism must not be carried to an extreme. Radical skepticism serves no purpose in clear thinking; rather, it hinders logical contemplation simply by maintaining that real thought is impossible. Man must have a definite starting point in his skepticism before it can be of worth to him in his thinking processes. As a technique, then, skepticism is priceless; as a doctrine, it has little merit in itself. The wise man is one who makes broad use of skepticism at times when it can be truly helpful to him; the foolish man is one who feels that he must be skeptical about every facet of life. Once something has been proved beyond a doubt in one's mind by means of objective and moderate skepticism its validity should cease to be questioned, and it should then become a part of that person's individual beliefs, and thus a part of his character. Extreme skepticism, obviously, would add nothing to one's character, as he would have no definite beliefs of his own and would ultimately become nothing but a confused, doubting being. Skepticism, then, is vital to both rational thinking and character development, and thus should be utilized by all who seek a broader concept of reality.

A MUSICIAN'S PRAYER

Lord, let me be a Note
On the musical Staff of Life.
Strong and full, with a slight edge,
so as not to be dull.
Yet never so sharp with the tensions of
life that I rasp . . .
But rather let me pierce that I may
inspire my fellow man,
Awakening those who sleep who are not
aware
Of the prejudices that exist among all
men.
Let me trip across the page as an eighth
note
And when the Score finally ends, let me
stride boldly off in a great Crescendo.
Leaving the rafters ringing, and my
black and white footprints upon the
hearts and minds of all listeners
When I approach the Great Conductor.

STEPHEN LIPKEN

ELEGY FOR A POET DYING IN MERRY APRIL

Gray clouds satisfied the day's busride debating,
and gave the command for bloated turtle backs to waddle down
sidewalk channels.
Pitifully bizarre, they bobbed as a crazy stream of
green, red, blue, black scalloped shells.
Hobble, hobble. Dribble, dribble.
It breathed, drawing and exhaling them at shop doors and windows.
At an intersection they jostled into one another and stalled,
springing away suddenly from back to front when the cars no
longer passed.
Toward their end one man ran, unshelled,
not there when they stopped but drawing to them as they stretched
away.
As he fled across the black, glossy back of the street, a heavy,
speeding car,
its windshield wipers blinking a wide stare,
flicked him like a cigarette butt to the back of the group he
was pursuing.
As if the stiff body were spinning a cobweb of them,
the hunched shells gathered quickly around it.
Huddle, huddle. Driddle, driddle.
They nodded from right to left, froze, and burrowed out.
Hobble, hobble. Dribble, dribble.

—EDW. RIEDINGER